

And we shall make full satisfaction,
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuitie,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Natiuitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Maist, shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?

E.An.Dromio, what stuffe of mine hast thou imbarke?

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.

S.Ant. Helpeakes to me, I am your master *Dromio*.

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him.

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife,
E.D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,

Will you walke in to see their gossiping?

S.Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.

E.Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,

lead thou first.

E.Dro. Nay then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



Much adoe about Nothing

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

Learn in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the archieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a yong Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better betred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vnckle heere in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue already deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitterness.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Bea. He set vp his bills here in Messina, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath hee kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.

Bea. You had musty victuall, and hee hath holpe to case it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good fouldier.

Bea. And a good fouldier to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord,

all honourable vertues.

Bea. It is so indeed, he is

but for the stuffing well, we

Leon. You must not (sir) m

a kind of merry war betwixt S

they neuer meet, but there's a

them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing

first, foure of his hue wits we

the whole man gouern'd with

wit enough to keepe himselfe

for a difference betweene him

is all the wealth that he hath le

nable creature. Who is his co

euery month a new sworne br

Mess. I't possible?

Bea. Very easily possible:

the fashion of his hat, it euer c

Mess. I see (Lady) the C

bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I w

I pray you, who is his compan

quarrel now, that will make

diuell?

Mess. He is most in the co

Claudio.

Bea. O Lord, he will hang

he is sooner caught then the

runs presently mad. God help

haue caught the Benedickt, it

pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends wi

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad N

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianu

Mess. Don Pedro is approac

Enter don Pedro, Claudio,

and Iohn the b

Pedro. Good Signior Leon

your trouble: the fashion of t

and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble r

of your Grace: for trouble bei

remaiue: but when you depart

and happinesse takes his leaue.

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